GERTRUDE OF WYOMING,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HOLLAND

THE

FOLLOWING VOLUMES

ARE INSCRIBED, WITH RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MOST of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. ISAAC WELD *informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in* 1796.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.



PART I.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.



I.

ON Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

II.

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do,
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew:
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:

And ev'ry sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men,
While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook, [hook.
The blue-ey'd German chang'd his sword to pruning-

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay.
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albyn![1] what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan
roar![2]

VI.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forc'd him from a home he lov'd so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,

[1] Scotland. [2] The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fir'd his Highland blood with mickle glee;
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life—, to plant fair freedom's tree!

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow creature's doom,
Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Suffic'd where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall,
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How rev'rend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuag'd,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire ,
And though amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom-scenes of life ?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies

No form with which the soul may sympathise?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,
Or blest his noonday walk—she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he liv'd to see
Unbroken, but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's
knee.

XI.

A lov'd bequest,—and I may half impart—
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
Uprose that living flow'r beneath his eye,
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when as the rip'ning years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;

The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind):
All uncompanion'd else her years had gone
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer
shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by
night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young,
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
' Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;
' The paths of peace my steps have hither led:
' This little nursling, take him to thy love,
' And shield the bird unfledg'd, since gone the parent dove.

XV.

' Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
' Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:
' Upon the Michagan, three moons ago,
' We launch'd our quivers for the bison chace;

'And with the Hurons planted for a space,
'With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
'But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
'And though they held with us a friendly talk,
'The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomohawk!

XVI.

'It was encamping on the lake's far port,
'A cry of Areouski[3] broke our sleep,
'Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort,
'And rapid rapid whoops came o'er the deep;
'But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
'Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light,
'And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,
'Till utter darkness swallow'd up the sight,
'As if a show'r of blood had quench'd the fiery fight!

[3] The Indian God of War.

XVII.

‘ It slept—it rose again—on high their tow’r
‘ Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
‘ Then down again it rain’d an ember show’r,
‘ And louder lamentations heard we rise:
‘ As when the evil Manitou[4] that dries
‘ Th’ Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
‘ In vain the desolated panther flies,
‘ And howls, amidst his wilderness of fire:
‘ Alas! too late, we reach’d and smote those Hurons
dire!

XVIII.

‘ But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
‘ So died their warriors by our battle-brand;
‘ And from the tree we with her child unbound
‘ A lonely mother of the Christian land—

4 Manitou, Spirit or Deity.

‘ Her lord—the captain of the British band—
‘ Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
‘ Scarce knew the widow our deliv’ring hand;
‘ Upon her child she sobb’d, and swoon’d away,
‘ Or shriek’d unto the God to whom the Christians
pray.—

XIX.

‘ Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
‘ Of fever-balm, and sweet sagamité;
‘ But she was journeying to the land of souls,
‘ And lifted up her dying head to pray
‘ That we should bid an ancient friend convey
‘ Her orphan to his home of England’s shore;
‘ And take, she said, this token far away
‘ To one that will remember us of yore,
‘ When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave’s Julia
wore.—

XX.

‘ And I, the eagle of my tribe,[a] have rush’d
‘ With this lorn dove.’—A sage’s self-command
Had quell’d the tears from Albert’s heart that gush’d;
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—
That shower’d upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguil’d
A soul that was not wont to be unmann’d;
‘ And stay,’ he cried, ‘ dear pilgrim of the wild!
‘ Preserver of my old, my boon companion’s child!—

XXI.

‘ Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
‘ On earth’s remotest bounds how welcome here!

[a] The Indians are distinguished both personally and by tribes by the name of particular animals whose qualities they affect to resemble either for cunning, strength, swiftness, or other qualities.—As the eagle, the serpent, the fox, or bear.

‘ Whose mother oft, a child, has fill’d these arms,
‘ Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
‘ Whose grandsire was my early life’s compeer.
‘ Ah happiest home of England’s happy clime!
‘ How beautiful ev’n now thy scenes appear,
‘ As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!
‘ How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of
time!

XXII.

‘ And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, fav’rite child of yore?
Or thought I, in thy father’s house when thou
Wert lightest hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door,
To meet and kiss me at my journey’s end?
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?

And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
In woes, that ev'n the tribe of desarts was thy friend!'

XXIII.

He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy:
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;[6]
As monumental bronze unchang'd his look:
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle[7] to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.—

[6] *Calumet of peace.*—The calumet is the Indian name for the ornamented pipe of friendship, which they smoke as a pledge of amity.

[7] *Tree-rock'd cradle.*—The Indian mothers suspend their children in their cradles from the boughs of trees, and let them be rocked by the wind.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow;
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below:
He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his mocasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly
tongue.

XXV.

'Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
'Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
'Oh! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand
'Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;

' While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
' Thy little foot prints—or by traces know
' The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
' To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
' And pour'd the lotus-horn[8], or slew the mountain roe.

XXVI.

' Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!
' But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
' Then come again—my own adopted one!
' And I will graft thee on a noble stock:
' The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
' Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
' And I will teach thee, in the battle's-shock,

[8] From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriant presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desart often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!'

XXVII.

So finish'd he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods requir'd, whose trained eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launch'd—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seem'd to glide;—
Then div'd, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage bright.

GERTRUDE

OF

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PART II.

GERTRUDE

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PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn;
And waters to their resting place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene:
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, (I ween)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves
To sport by summer moons, had shap'd it for them-
selves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream;
Both where at evening Allegany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam,
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)

Like tumults heard from some far distant town;
But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heav'nly musing meant alone;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

V.

Nor guess I was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophiz'd its viewless scene:
'Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!
'The home of kindred I have never seen!

We know not other—oceans are between;
'Yet say! far friendly hearts from whence we came,
'Of us does oft remembrance intervene!
'My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim;—
'But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

'And yet, lov'd England! when thy name I trace
'In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
'How can I choose but wish for one embrace
'Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
'My mother's looks,—perhaps her likeness strong?
'Oh parent! with what reverential awe,
'From features of thine own related throng,
'An image of thy face my soul could draw!
'And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw!'

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy;
To sooth a father's couch her only care,
And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy:
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatman carrol'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore;
Tradition had not nam'd its lonely spot;
But here (methinks) might Indian's sons explore

Their father's dust,[*] or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit:—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd by time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloes threw:
Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulphs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

* It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strewn;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown:
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakespeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest
tears.

XII.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;

When lo! there enter'd to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features:—she her lovely face
Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung:
Full fluently convers'd the guest in England's tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold,—and much they lov'd his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety re-trac'd
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main:

Now happy Switzer's hills,—romantic Spain,—
Gay lilied fields of France,—or, more refin'd,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
Nor less each rural image he design'd,
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulph profound,[10]
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.—

[10] The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to

XVII.

Pleas'd with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court;
But Gertrude, as she ey'd him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stop her short.
' In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
' An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have known:
' Sad tale!—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
' One innocent—one soldier's child—alone
' Was spar'd, and brought to me, who lov'd him as my own.—

support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

XVIII.

'Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful years
'These very walls his infant sports did see;
'But most I lov'd him when his parting tears
'Alternately bedew'd my child and me:
'His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee;
'Nor half its grief his little heart could hold:
'By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,
'They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
'And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consol'd.'—

XIX.

His face the wand'rer hid,—but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell;—
'And speak, mysterious stranger!' (Gertrude cried)
'It is!—it is!—I knew—I knew him well!

' 'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell!'
A burst of joy the father's lips declare;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell:
At once his open arms embrac'd the pair,
Was never group more blest, in this wide world of
care.

XX.

' And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
' Your Waldegrave's feigned name, and false attire?
' I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,
' The very fortunes of your house inquire;
' Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
' Impart, and I my weakness all betray;
' For had I lost my Gertrude, and my sire,
' I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day,
' Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

'But here ye live,—ye bloom,—in each dear face
'The changing hand of time I may not blame;
'For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
'And here, of beauty perfected the frame;
'And well I know your hearts are still the same,—
'They could not change—ye look the very way,
'As when an orphan first to you I came.
'And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?
'Nay wherefore weep we, friends, on such a joyous
day?

XXII.

'And art thou here? or is it but a dream?
'And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us more?
'No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
'Than aught on earth—than ev'n thyself of yore—

'I will not part thee from thy father's shore;
'But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
'And hand in hand again the path explore,
'Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
'While thou shalt be my own with all thy truth and
charms.'

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was od'rous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:
There if, oh gentle love! I read aright,
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,
'Twas list'ning to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's pow'r to paint, all languishingly fond.

XXIV.

‘ Flow’r of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
‘ Whom I would rather in this desart meet,
‘ Scorning, and scorn’d by fortune’s pow’r, than own
‘ Her pomp and splendors lavish’d at my feet!
‘ Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
‘ Than odours cast on heav’n’s own shrine—to please—
‘ Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
‘ And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
‘ When Coromandel’s ships return from Indian seas.’

XXV.

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur’s most magnificent saloon
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush’d in the dark’ning firmament of June;

And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not pourtray;
For never did the Hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.



PART III.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

PART III.

I.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
Nor blind with ecstacy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short, amidst the grove,
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heav'n—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring;

Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first her
vows.

IX.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I shew,
Sweet Wyoming! the day, when thou wert doom'd,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes
gloom'd.

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes:

Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,
Her birth star was the light of burning plains;[11]
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had rag'd remote,
Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams:
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light! and music's voice is dumb;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillè screams,
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
That speaks of mad'ning strife, and bloodstain'd fields
to come.

[11] Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of wôe!
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doom'd to go!
'Nay meet not thou,' (she cries), thy kindred foe!
'But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!'
'Ah, Gertrude! thy beloved heart, I know
'Would feel like mine, the stigmatizing brand,
'Could I forsake the cause of freedom's holy band!

IX.

'But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to prove,
'To hide in exile ignominious fears;
'Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love
'Thy father's bosom to his home endears:

'And how could I his few remaining years
'My Gertrude sever from so dear a child?'
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers;
At last that heart to hope is half beguil'd,
And pale through tears suppress'd the mournful
        beauty smil'd.

X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bow'r, full late,
The joy of converse had endur'd—when hark!
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate;
And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desart shore.

XI.

Upris'n, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parch'd
From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accurs'd,
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim;
At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
Had half assuag'd, and nerv'd his shuddering limbs,
When Albert's hand he grasp'd;—but Albert knew
not him—

XII.

'And hast thou then forgot,' (he cried forlorn,
And ey'd the group with half indignant air)
'Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
'When I with thee the cup of peace did share?

'Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
'That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
'But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
'And age hath bow'd me, and the tort'ring foe,
'Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer
know!'—

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his lov'd Oneyda flew:
'Bless thee, my guide!'—but, backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him
through.
'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile controul—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:—
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
'It is—my own,' he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.—

XIV.

' Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
' The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
' When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
' I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
' Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
' Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd,[13]
' For I was strong as mountain cataract:
' And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd
' Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts
appear'd?

XV.

' Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!
' Since I have seen thee, and again embrac'd.'
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;
But, with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,

[13] Cougar, the American tyger.

To welcome, and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet plac'd;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

XVI.

'But this is not a time,'—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
'This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
'The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster Brandt,[13]—
'With all his howling desolating band;—
'These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine
"Awake at once, and silence half your land.
'Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:
'Awake, and watch to-night! or see no morning shine!'

[13] Brandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania.—Vide the note at the end of this poem.

XVII.

' Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
' 'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
' Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
' Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
' No! not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth,
' Escap'd, that night of blood, upon our plains!
' All perish'd!—I alone am left on earth!
' To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
' No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

XVIII.

' But go!—and rouse your warriors;—for, if right
' These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs
' Of strip'd and starred banners, on yon height
' Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—

'Some fort embattled by your country shines:
'Deep roars th' innavigable gulph below
'Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
'Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;
'Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!'

XIX.

Scarce had he utter'd,—when Heav'n's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and
scream,
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd;—
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd.—

XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groupes, in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unrung,
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.
One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care—
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through
        the shade!

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves, and gleam'd the midnight grass
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,

Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:
And first the wild Moravian yargers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle
shines.

XXII.

And in, the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng:—
Rous'd by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile aveng'd ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n,—
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech;
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,
Look'd not on thee the rudest partizan

With brow relax'd to love! And murmurs ran
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tow'r,
That like a giant standard-bearer, frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian pow'r.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and ey'd a distant scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow.
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm!

XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-lov'd scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;

Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father
bleeds!

XXVIII.

And tranc'd in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops?—Oh God! the life-blood is her own;
And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
'Weep not, O Love!'—she cries, 'to see me bleed—
'Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone—
'Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
'These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed.

XXIX.

'Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
'Of fate! while I can feel thy drear caress;
'And when this heart hath ceas'd to beat—oh! think,
'And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
'And friend to more than human friendship just.
'Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
'And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
'God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

XXX.

'Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
'The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
'Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
'And Gertrude thought it ecstacy to rove

'With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
'Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast
'In heav'n; for ours was not like earthly love.
'And must this parting be our very last?
'No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.—

XXXI.

'Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
'And thee, more lov'd, than aught beneath the sun,
'If I had liv'd to smile but on the birth
'Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none,
'In future times—no gentle little one,
'To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me!
'Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
'A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
'Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!'

XXXII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words;—but knew not what
they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.

Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolv'd aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth;—him watch'd in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to sooth
The grief that knew not consolation's name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like across his shuddering frame!

XXXV.

' And I could weep;'—th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
' But that I may not stain with grief
' The death-song of my father's son!
' Or bow this head in woe;
' For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
' To-morrow Areouski's breath,
' (That fires yon heav'n with storms of death),
' Shall light us to the foe:
' And we shall share, my Christian boy!
' The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

XXXVI.

' But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n
' By milder genii o'er the deep,

'The spirits of the white man's heav'n
'Forbid not thee to weep:—
'Nor will the Christian host,
'Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
'To see thee, on the battle's eve,
'Lamenting take a mournful leave
'Of her who lov'd thee most:
'She was the rainbow to thy sight!
'Thy sun—thy heav'n—of lost delight!—

XXXVII.

'To-morrow let us do or die!
'But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
'Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
'Shall Outalissi roam the world?
'Seek we thy once-lov'd home?—
'The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:

' Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
' Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
' And should we thither roam,
' Its echoes, and its empty tread,
' Would sound like voices from the dead!

XXXVIII.

' Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
' Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd;
' And by my side, in battle true,
' A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
' Ah! there in desolation cold,
' The desert serpent dwells alone,
' Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone,
' And stones themselves to ruin grown,
' Like me, are death-like old.

‘ Then seek we not their camp—for there-
‘ The silence dwells of my despair!’

XXXIX.

‘ But hark, the trump!—tomorrow thou
‘ In glory’s fires shalt dry thy tears:
‘ Ev’n from the land of shadows now
‘ My father’s awful ghost appears,
‘ Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
‘ He bids my soul for battle thirst—
‘ He bids me dry the last—the first—
‘ The only tears that ever burst
‘ From Outalissi’s soul;
‘ Because I may not stain with grief
‘ The death-song of an Indian chief.’

NOTES.

NOTES.

PART I.

Stanza 3. l. 6.

From merry mock-bird's song.

The mocking bird is of the form, but larger, than the thrush; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and grey. What is said of the nightingale, by its greatest admirers, is, what may with more propriety apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I

have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the wood-lark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favourite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale,

and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—ASHE's Travels in America, Vol. II. p. 73.

Stanza 5. l. 9.

Or distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar.

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish Prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this

vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

Stanza 13. l. 4.

Of buskin'd limb and swarthy lineament.

In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their colour, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper colour; their eyes large, bright black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtile and discerning mind: their hair is

of the same colour, and prone to long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale.— Travels through America by Capts. LEWIS and CLARKE, in 1804-5-6.

Stanza 14. l. 6.

Peace be to thee—my words this belt approve.

The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, Briccinum, and shaped like long beads: it is the

current money of the Indians.—History of the five Indian Nations, page 34. New York Edition.

Stanza 14. l. 7.

The paths of peace my steps are hither led.

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner: "Where shall I seek the chair of peace? Where shall I find it but upon our path? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house?"

Stanza 15. l. 2.

Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace.

When they solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a

large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts, and on the banks of the lakes; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments; these among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their belts, collars, blankets, and mocasins, &c. in ten

thousand different sizes, forms, and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colours and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost every thing they please; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours, are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations, and important transactions, are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure.—Major ROGERS's account of North America.

Stanza 17. l. 5.

As when the evil Manitou.

It is certain the Indians acknowledge one supreme being, or giver of life, who presides over all things; that is the great Spirit: and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power; and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him therefore they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

They hold also that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the

happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity. —CLARKE's Travels among the Indians.

The supreme Spirit of good is called by the Indians Kitchi Manitou; and the Spirit of evil Matchi Manitou.

Stanza 19. l. 2.

Fever balm and sweet sagamite.

The fever balm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamite is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

Stanza 20. l. 1.

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd with this lorn dove.

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics, authorises me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the eagle, that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, " he is like the eagle who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe."

Stanza 23. l. 2.

Far differently the mute Onedya took, &c.

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer with the same indifference, tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is

going. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to shew the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but on being invited in, sits contentedly down and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by

every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is—they have "done well," and makes but very little inquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints: he only replies, "it is unfortunate;"—and for some time asks no questions about how it happened.—LEWIS and CLARKE's Travels.

Stanza 23. l. 2.

His calumet of peace, &c.

Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem is of cane, elder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance or any serious occasion or solemn engagements; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of

which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red: sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, &c. one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons, for as they find that smoking tends to dis-

perse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, introduced it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and as a pledge of their performance thereof it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with;—so that smoking among them at the same pipe, is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup.—Major ROGERS's Account of North America, 1766.

The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day-time; but at night the young lover

goes a calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it she admits his addresses, but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart.—ASHE's Travels.

Stanza 23. l. 6.

Trained from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier.

An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins, and being laid on its back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over

with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall, the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home they hang the board on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them a-swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children.—WILD, vol. II. p. 246.

Stanza 23. l. 7.

The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook impassive.

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character, the following is an instance related by Adair in his travels.

A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other.—In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving them he sprung off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility

than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children when they met him at their several towns beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture.—It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his

long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings.— Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians: and this cool-headed, brave warrior did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies:—for when they were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be

in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favors they had done, and intended to do him.—After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them (continues the author), he put up the shrill war whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies.—He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching.—There he

rested, till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him :—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism.—He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him ;—but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off.—Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly creeped, took one of their tomohawks, and killed them all on the spot——clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in

a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and was taken by them for the fiery torture.—He digged them up—burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph.—Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he

was captivated, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard,—and therefore they returned home. —ADAIR's General Observations on the American Indians, p. 394.

It is surprising, says the same author, to see the long continued speed of the Indians.—Though some of us have often ran the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on—leave us out of sight, and outwind any horse.—Ibid. p. 318.

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomohawk, or a small

hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve.—He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows; then kill wild game, fish, fresh water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence.—Ibid. p. 410.

Stanza 23. l. 7.

Mocazins is a sort of Indian buskins.

Stanza 25. l. 1.

Sleep, wearied one! in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou the spirit of thy mother greet.

There is nothing (says Charlevoix) in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther, than in

what regards dreams, but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul, of the object of which he dreams.—But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men.

Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him,

and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast.—Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body.—Charlevoix, Journal of a Voyage to North America.

Stanza 26. l. 5.

The crocodile, the condor of the rock—

The alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown (says Bertram) is a very large and terrible

creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water.—I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, of squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in

proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominency of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about: only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore part of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone: these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws to-

gether, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance.—But what is yet more surprising to a stranger is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated.—An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon, (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about) darts forth

from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself, by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke.—At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war.—BERTRAM's Travels in North America.

Stanza 28. l. 4.

Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man.

They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections to which Americans are strangers.—For instance, they will cross a forest, or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach, with great exactness, the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations: and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy.—With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted

by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. —They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience.— They are in general very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with

as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with.—The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide

into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions.—CLARKE's and LEWIS's Travels.

Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one.

The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another; and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way

through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or another, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no

path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and, to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining

a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination. Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being open-

ed, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had

unquestionably never been in that part of the country before: they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition.—WILD's Travels in North America, vol. II.

PART III.

Stanza 16. l. 4.

The Mammoth comes.

That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states, that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

"A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during

the revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the great Man above looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning,

descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain on a rock, of which his seat, and the prints of his feet, are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull, who presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but, missing one, at length it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—JEFFERSON's Notes on Virginia.

Stanza 17. l. 1.

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bride,
Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth.

This Brandt was a warrior of the Mohawk nation,

who was engaged to allure by bribes, or to force by threats, many Indian tribes to the expedition against Pennsylvania. His blood, I believe, was not purely Indian, but half German. He disgraced, however, his European descent by more than savage ferocity. Among many anecdotes which are given of him, the following is extracted from a traveller in America, already quoted. "With a considerable body of his troops he joined the troops under the command of Sir John Johnson. A skirmish took place with a body of American troops; the action was warm, and Brandt was shot by a musket ball in his heel, but the Americans, in the end, were defeated, and an officer, with sixty men, were taken prisoners.

The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into conversation with Sir John Johnson, who commanded the British troops, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brandt, having stolen slily behind them, laid the American officer low with a blow of his tomohawk. The indignation of Sir John Johnson, as may be readily supposed, was roused by such an act of ichery, and he resented it in the warmest terms. Brandt listened to him unconcernedly, and when he had finished, told him, that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that, indeed, his heel was extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself on the only chief of the party that

he saw taken. Since he had killed the officer, he added, his heel was much less painful to him than it had been before."—WILD's Travels, vol. II. p. 297.

Stanza 17. l. 8 and 9.

To whom, nor relative nor blood remains,
No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the Governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression—There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. The similar salutations of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression; and if it

appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words, without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawance tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance; unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore un-

armed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalised himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, in which the collected force of the Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, how-

ever, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

"I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries

of one man. Colonel Cresap the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.—This called on me for revenge.—I have fought for it—I have killed many.—I have fully glutted my vengeance.—For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace—but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear.—Logan never felt fear.—He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one!" —JEFFERSON's Notes on Virginia.

END OF VOL. I.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.



WIZARD.

Lochiel! Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightening of
war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin![1] to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast,
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clamanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds, that bark for thy fugitive
king.

Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my
sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the
moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and
torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!

Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to
beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their
gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

HOHENLINDEN.



On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

YE

MARINERS OF ENGLAND,

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas:
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle, and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;

Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow

To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

GLENARA.



O HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the
ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and
hoar;
Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
'Why speak ye no word!'—said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
'Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your
brows?
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

‘ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,’
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and
loud;
‘ And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
‘ Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!’

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos’d, and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
’Twas the youth who had lov’d the fair Ellen of Lorn:

‘ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
‘ I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
‘ On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
‘ Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!’

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.



I.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.

'Hearts of oak,' our captains cried! when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurriance eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
' Ye are brothers! ye are men!
' And we conquer but to save:—
' So peace instead of death let us bring.
' But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
' With the crews, at England's feet,
' And make submission meet
' To our King.'—

VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose;

As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of fun'ral light
Died away.—

VII.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!—

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou:[1]
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

[1] Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his dispatches.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.



A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
'And I'll give thee a silver pound,
'To row us o'er the ferry.'—

Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
' This dark and stormy water!'—
Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
' And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

' And fast before her father's men
' Three days we've fled together,
' For should he find us in the glen,
' My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
' Should they our steps discover,
' Then who will cheer my bonny bride
' When they have slain her lover?'—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight
  'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
'It is not for your silver bright;
  'But for your winsome lady:

'And by my word! the bonny bird
  'In danger shall not tarry;
'So, though the waves are raging white,
  'I'll row you o'er the ferry.'—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
  The water-wraith was shrieking;[2]
And in the scowl of heav'n each face
  Grew dark as they were speaking.

[2] The evil spirit of the waters.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
  And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
  Their trampling sounded nearer.-

'Oh haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
  'Though tempests round us gather;
'I'll meet the raging of the skies:
  'But not an angry father.'—

The boat has left a stormy land,
  A stormy sea before her,—
When oh! too strong for human hand,
  The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar
  Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
  His wrath was chang'd to wailing.-

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
  His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
  And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
  Across this stormy water:
'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
  'My daughter!—oh my daughter!'—

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
  Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
  And he was left lamenting.

LINES

ON THE

GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.



By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
Unknown, unhonour'd, was the friendless dead:
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
There never came to his unburied head—
All from his dreary habitation fled.

Nor will the lantern'd fisherman at eve
  Launch on that water by the witches' tow'r,
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
  Round its dark vaults a melancholy bow'r,
  For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate!
  Whose crime it was, on life's unfinish'd road
To feel the stepdame buffetings of fate,
  And render back thy being's heavy load.
  Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glow'd
In thy devoted bosom—and the hand
  That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
  Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown ?—
  He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

ODE TO WINTER.



When first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four the Seasons flew.

First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smil'd with angel grace:
Rosy Summer next advancing,
Rush'd into her sire's embrace:
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive shaded steep,
On India's citron-cover'd isles:
More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,

And loves on deer-born car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side.
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
   Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
   Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when adown the ravag'd globe
He travels on his native storm,
   Deflow'ring nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form:—
   Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
   Of power to pierce his raven plume,
And chrystal cover'd shield.

Oh, sire of storms! whose savage car
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity.
Archangel! power of desolation!
   Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
   Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then sullen Winter hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wand'rer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;—
To shuddering want's unmantled bed,
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,

And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.—

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds:
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
  Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
  Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh winds of winter! list ye there
  To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
  At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.

Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath

May spare the victim, fallen low;

But man will ask no truce to death,-

No bounds to human woe[3].

[3] This ode was written in Germany, at the close of 18C0, before the conclusion of hostilities.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.



OUR bugles sang true—for the night-cloud had
low'r'd,
And the centinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpow'r'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By thė wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn:—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE TURKISH LADY.



'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to pray'r,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
Ev'n a captive's spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and lov'd an English knight.

'Tell me, captive, why in anguish
'Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
'Where poor Christians as they languish
'Hear no sound of sabbath bell?'—

' 'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat
' When the crescent shone afar,
' Like a pale disastrous planet
' O'er the purple tide of war—

' In that day of desolation,
' Lady, I was captive made;
' Bleeding for my Christian nation
' By the walls of high Belgrade.'

Captive! could the brightest jewel
' From my turban set thee free?'—
' Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
' Ransom'd, yet if reft of thee.

‘ Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
‘ Christian climes should we behold?’—
‘ Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
‘ Were thy ransom paid in gold!’

Now in Heaven’s blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father’s mansion,
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

‘ Fly we then, while none discover!
‘ Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!’
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasp’d his blooming Eastern bride.

EXILE OF ERIN.



THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;

But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
  And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again, shall my brothers embrace me?
  They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
  Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
  And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure!
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure;
  But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
  One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
  Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
  Erin mavournin!—Erin go bragh![4]

[4] Ireland my darling—Ireland for ever.

SONG.



My mind is my kingdom, but if thou wilt deign
  A queen there to sway without measure;
Then come, o'er its wishes and homage to reign,
  And make it an empire of pleasure.

Then of thoughts and emotions each mutinous crowd,
That rebell'd at stern reason and duty;
Returning—shall yield all their loyalty proud
To the Halcyon dominion of beauty.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY IN LONDON, WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH, THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT.

PLEDGE to the much lov'd land that gave us birth!
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,
In festive hours, which prompts the patriots' sigh!
Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, tho' too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was giv'n;
Yet in a mighty cause his phœnix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heav'n!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him!—How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead!—our bosom-thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire!

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
Dear symbol wild! on freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band[5] this day on Egypt's coast
Whose valour tam'd proud France's tricolór,
And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
Baptiz'd Invincible in Austria's gore!

[5] The 42d Regiment.

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
  When bayonet to bayonet oppos'd,
First of Britannia's hosts her Highland band
  Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost clos'd!

Is there a son of generous England here
  Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear,
  The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
  As rocks resist the billows round their shore,
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
  Their country leave unconquer'd as of yore!

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.



At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.

All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace;
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall;
But patience shall never depart!
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and
bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desart behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!

Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!
Yea! even the name I have worshipped in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;
To bear is to conquer our fate.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR THE

FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD,

OR THE

FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.



I.

Oh once the harp of Innisfail[a]
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.

[a] Ireland.

Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The Lady in the desert dwelt,
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt:
Say, why should dwell in place so wild
The lovely pale O'Connor's child?

II.

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's pow'r,

As in the palace of her sires
She bloom'd a peerless flow'r.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,[7]
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplor'd,
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;
Why wanders she a huntress wild—
The lovely pale O'Connor's child?

[7] Kerne, the ancient Irish foot soldiery.

III.

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks,
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Plac'd in the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling[8] door,
Enjoys that in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet:

[8] Rude hut, or cabin.

For lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad:
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain,
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,

More richly than in Aghrim's bow'r,
When bards high prais'd her beauty's pow'r,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat in a golden cup.

V.

'A hero's bride! this desert bow'r,
'It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
'And wherefore dost thou love this flow'r
'To call—my love lies bleeding?'
'This purple flow'r my tears have nurs'd;
'A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
'I love it, for it was the first
'That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
'Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
'This desert mansion is my choice;

‘ And blest, tho’ fatal, be the star
‘ That led me to its wilds afar:
‘ For here these pathless mountains free
‘ Gave shelter to my love and me;
‘ And every rock and every stone
‘ Bare witness that he was my own.

VI.

O’Connor’s child, I was the bud
Of Erin’s royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o’er and o’er again,
The bloody feud,—the fatal night,

When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They call'd my hero basely born;
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery[9];
Witness their Eath's victorious brand[10],
And Cathal of the bloody hand,—
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my lov'd one, bore in field
A meaner crest upon his shield.

[9] The psalter of Tara was the great national register of the ancient Irish.

[10] Vide the note upon the victories of the house of O'Connor.

VII.

Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the pale,
And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me,
That barons by your standard rode;
Or beal-fires[11] for your jubilee,
Upon an hundred mountains glow'd.
What tho' the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North-sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No:—let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flow'r its bloom;

[11] Fires lighted on May-day on the hill tops by the Irish. Vide the note on stanza VII.

But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone!

VIII.

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love—" Oh come with me:
" Our bark is on the lake behold:
" Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
" Come far from Castle-Connor's clans—
" Come with thy belted forestere,
" And I, beside the lake of swans,
" Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer;
" And build thy hut and bring thee home
" The wild fowl, and the honey-comb;
" And berries from the wood provide,
" And play my clarshech [12] by thy side.

[12] The harp.

"Then come, my love!"—How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

IX.

And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring rush'd we thro' the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn[13]
Of Castle-Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore:
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we lov'd it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;

[13] Ancient fortification.

While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But oh, thou midnight of despair!
When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
The night, to me of shrieking sorrow!
The night, to him that had no morrow!

X.

When all was hush'd at even tide,
I heard the baying of their beagle:
Be hush'd! my Connocht Moran cried,
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound,
Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
Up-list'ning starts our couchant hound—
And hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.

Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Aye me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—Oh God! Oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

XI.

Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,

Nor mass nor ulla-lulla[14] heard,
Lamenting sooth his grave.
Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay,
I know not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's pow'r to sob;
Or when my heart with pulses drear,
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

[14] The Irish lamentation for the dead.

XII.

But Heav'n, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And rang'd as to the judgment seat
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravag'd Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay:
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,

I gave,—that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

And go! I cried, the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
Oh stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke;

But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fir'd me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was giv'n,
To speak the malison of heav'n.

XIV.

They would have cross'd themselves all mute,
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down pow'rless fell,
And go to Athunree! [15] I cried,
High lift the banner of your pride!
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls!

[15] Athunree, the battle fought in 1314, which decided the fate of Ireland.

Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know!
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead as the green oblivious flood,
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away! away to Athunree!
Where downward when the sun shall fall
The raven's wing shall be your pall;
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!

XV.

A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended 'till my curse was giv'n,

Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam
Peal'd in the blood-red heav'n.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw;
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partizans,
Thrice ten Innisfallian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
And all again was gloom;
But once again in heav'n the bands
Of thunder spirits clapt their hands.

XVI.

Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall;
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child,
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake,
The flower of love lies bleeding."

NOTES.

NOTES.

LOCHIEL, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the gentle Lochiel, for he was famed for his social virtues as

much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but, on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafern), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassafern advised him in that case to

communicate his mind by letter to Charles. " No," said Lochiel, " I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard." " Brother," replied Fassafern, " I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place, and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost im-

patience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who by my father has often told me he was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our

sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive, but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discoure with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles

persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to enquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince; his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out, "Will you assist me?" "I will, I will," said Ronald, "though no other man in the

Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms."—HOME's Hist. Rebellion, p. 40.

Note 1, p. 8. l. 10.

Weep, Albin!

The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

Note 2, p. 12, l. 1 and 2.

Lo! anointed by Heav'n with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!

The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

An account of the second sight, in Irish called Taish, is thus given in Martin's description of the Western Isles of Scotland. "The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of any thing else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive

or jovial according to the object which was repre-sented to them.

"At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw

them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

"This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not: and vice versa. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict enquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is

by observation; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure

prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer: and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished; as at Mogslot, in the isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses thatched with straw; yet in a few

years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along

with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers; but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty; and he endeavours to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit, when second sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers (he continues) are generally illiterate and well meaning people, and altogether void of design: nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it; neither is it reput-

able among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together, and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age. There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor, merely to gratify an illiterate, contemptible set of persons; nor can rea-

sonable persons believe that children, horses, and cows, should be pre-engaged in a combination in favour of the second sight."—MARTIN's description of the Western Islands of Scotland, p. 3, 11.

NOTES TO O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

Verse 1. l. 1.

Innisfail, the ancient name of Ireland.

Verse 2. l. 9.

Kerne, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford in his Glory's of England, says, " They

(the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off.*"

Verse 3. l. 12.

Shieling, a rude cabin or hut.

Verse 4. l. 3.

In Erin's yellow vesture clad.

Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with queen Elizabeth's lord lieutenant, we are told by sir John Davis, that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

Verse 4. l. 16.

Morat, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

Verse 6. l. 13 and 14.

Their tribe, they said, their high degree,

Was sung in Tara's psaltery.

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of Castlemone had been there only 400 years, he replied,—that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their

great and favourite monarch Ollam Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian era. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that when the banquet was ready to be served up, the

shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquarians, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were tran-

scribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Col. Valency gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity college, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described, as it existed in the reign of Cormac.

" In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping rooms for guards, and sixty men in each: the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve doors, and one

thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modelers, and nobles. The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all."

Verse 7. l. 4.

And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry.

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English champion, De Courcey, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France

and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion: viz. when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs. Aeth O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

Verse 6. l. 7.

Or Beal fires for your jubilee.

The month of May is to this day called Mi Beal tiennie, i. e. the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of Cnoc Greine, i. e. the hill of the sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

Verse 8. l. 12.

And play my clarsheech by thy side.

The clarsheech, or harp, the principal musical

instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands.—The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin or harp.

Verse 9. l. 3 and 4.

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn.

Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen—to construct and secure with branches of trees, was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spenser;

but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

Verse 9. l. 5.

And go to Athunree, I cried—

In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair.—
" Ever since the English (say they) first appeared
" upon our coasts, they entered our territories under
" a certain specious pretence of charity, and ex-
" ternal hypocritical shew of religion, endeavouring
" at the same time, by every artifice malice could
" suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and with-
" out any other right than that of the strongest, they

"have so far succeeded by base fraudulence, and "cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair "and ample habitations and inheritances, and to "take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the "woods, and the morasses of the country;—nor "even can the caverns and dens protect us against "their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into "these frightful abodes; endeavouring to dispossess "us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to "themselves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE on "which we can stamp the figure of our feet."

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland.—William de Bourgo,

brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor.—The important battle, which decided the subjection of Ireland, took place on the 10th of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught.—Tradition states that after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name re-

mained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

Verse 14. l. 16.

To speak the malison of Heaven.

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stript of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion: I allude to the denunciation of Camille, in the tragedy of Horace. When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss

of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims:

" O Ciel, qui vit jamais une pareille rage,
Crois tu donc que je sois insensible a l'outrage
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel deshonneur:
Aime, Aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur,
Et préfere du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux Intérêts de Rome."

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe:

" Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!
Rome, a qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant!
Rome, qui tá vu naître et que ton cœur adore!
Rome enfin que je hais, parce qu'elle t' honore!

Puissent tous ses voisins, ensemble conjurés,
Sapper ses fondemens encore mal assurés;
Et, si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'Orient, contre elle, a l'Occident s'allie,
Que cent peuples unis, des bouts de l'Univers
Passent, pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers:
Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles;
Que le courroux du Ciel, allumé pas mes vœux,
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de Feux!
Puissai-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers enpoudre,
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

THE END.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street, Whitefriars, London.